THE AERONAUT.

No. 116, Sep. 30, 1817.

To the authors of the AERONAUT.

"Gentlemen,

Your description of the horrors of a prayerless couch in a former number of the Aeronaut, made such an impression upon my mind, by recalling to me what I had myself suffered, that I determined to give you an account of my own triumphal experience on this subject.

In the halcyon days of infancy, I had, would to God she still existed to guide my dreary path, a tender mother, who watched over my childhood, and tuned my infant lips to praise my Maker. She forcibly impressed upon me the importance of continually kneeling at that throne of mercy, which is open for all. She lifted my little hands to heaven, and dictated those prayers, whose simple & unaffected language, I have never, amid all my calamities, my crimes, and my temptations, never forgotten.

When I was eight years old, she died. Never shall I forget the sadness of my sorrow when I realised that she was indeed gone. I repeated all the little petitions I knew — but no prayers of mine could recall her; she had fled forever.

I still however cherished the memory of her instructions. I still knelt to my young devotions, and tried to fancy that She still was with me. I strove to recall every thing she had ever said, and retained with an astonishing fidelity all her religious admonitions.

Oh that those impressions had remained throughout life!

When I was twelve years of age, my father sent me to France, in order to prepare me for undertaking a part of his business with that country. The companions I there associated with, I found to be totally indifferent to all religious habits or opinions. They ridiculed the sobriety of my demeanor, and laughed at my practice of kneeling to my prayers every morning and evening. Consciousness of propriety, and the memory of my mother, triumphed over their insults for a while; but my resolution soon gave way. — I will not attempt to describe my feelings the first night that I omitted my practice.

The progress in evil is rapid. The outworks of my principles had been broken down, and six years, which was the term of my stay, beheld me lost in profligacy, and laughing in my turn at what I once deemed sacred. But did no compunctious visitations assail my hollow, and poison the round of guilty enjoyment? How often, alas! in the

bitterness of my heart, have I looked back to former days. – But it was in vain. –

It was with strange emotions that I set sail for my native land. The depravation of my moral powers and principles had not altogether drowned the sensations of former endearments. A flood of conflicting thoughts poured in upon my bosom; their vileness however shewed how I had fallen.

I will not weary you with a long detail. That native land I was not permitted to see. Driven by adverse winds, we were wrecked, as we supposed, on some part of the western coast of Morocco. Those of us who survived the disaster were seized on the morning by a horde of brutal soldiers. We were separated and hurried away in different directions. I was taken into the interior of the country, where I was chained down to the drudgery of the vilest slave.

I sank into deep despondence. The dumbness of despair seemed to have deprived me of the power of thought

or utterance. At times the voice of that dear departed spirit whom I had so mocked & grieved, seemed to rise upon my ear, and humble me to the dust. At first I tried to murmur over my infantine prayers; but my lips refused their office, and for the long period of thirty years, my couch of flint was indeed a prayerless one. Oh who can imagine the horrors of that term of penance! Cut off from the communion of man, and abandoned in wrath by the God whom I had braved, no hallowed beam blest my toil, or chased the darkness of my slumbers, no accent of prayer murmured on my lips, no voice of consolation dispelled the deepness of my sorrows & the darkness of my doom! The dreams that at time visited my couch only rose to accuse me of my conduct and reproach me with my crimes. I felt isolated from all mankind, and the recollection of all that once had been, of joys once so dear, of home, of friends, of country, only blasted me into despair,

and plunged me deeper into the gloominess of apathy.

When my deliverance was announced, I had not energy of mind left to enquire how it was effected, nor even to rejoice in its arrival. I had become insensible to all things. I had performed my labors mechanically; my mind was locked up in the darkness of its destiny. I was scarcely conscious what I did or saw. I remember with all the indistinctness of a dream, that I again traversed the Atlantic; that I was landed at some southern port, and that I instinctively as it were pursued my way towards my native city. I remember too that one day sitting on the bank of a small and clear stream, a pang of sudden reminiscence shot through my mind. Since that time I have been conscious and awake. I cast my eyes upon the reflected image of myself in the water. Thirty years of toil & suffering had whitened my locks, and withered my once blooming features. I started at the spectacle. At once all that had befallen me rushed upon my mind.

I discovered how long I had been thus. With the trembling anxiety of hope contending with fear, I hastened to my former place of abode. My father had been dead a few years, and had left his property to others, as I was generally supposed to have perished. I succeeded however in gaining a small portion of my inheritance, and am left in the evening of my life, scarcely able to support my existence.

I do not say that my misfortunes were owing to my neglect of the "mayes of infamy," but I will maintain that they were highly aggravated by it. Sometimes indeed I think that they were the curse on my conduct; but mysterious are the ways of providence, and I may not enquire into them. But had I persevered in that path of virtue, my mind would not have sunk under its pressure. I might have escaped long before. I might have regained my home with safety, and with peace of mind.

I have found one of my earliest

playmates, now a respectable clergyman. The friendship contracted in infancy, has been renewed in age. I have imparted to him my history, my sufferings, my feelings. I am now enabled to pray with heart-felt devotion; and never, never do I omit to repeat, simple as they are, those prayers with my own devotions, which I forgot in the scenes of profligacy, and the darkness of servitude. May those who like me have scorned the prayers of their childhood, take warning from my example. Dark was my doom — their's may be darker still. I have been spared to Repentance and to hope; they may be cut off in the midst of their forgetfulness.

I am, &c

SENEX.

"Gentlemen,

"Observing that you have commenced the collection of the fragments of antiquity, particularly those of Greece, I presumed that the following inscription would be acceptable, as an elegant specimen of the later poetry of Greece. It was discovered at the island of Samos, and transmitted to England in the year 1813. The versification is smooth, and the language chaste and elegant. It has no superfluous ornaments, but must be extremely pleasing to every reader. Its sweetness and simplicity cannot fail to strike the mind which can relish inscriptions of this kind; and while it is by no means unworthy of a place in the Greek Anthology, it conveys a high idea of the talents of its author. It has been assigned for its date to some write probably one or two hundred years after Christ.

"The English version which ac-

companies this letter is by a friend of mine, who attempted it at my request; for although I am fond of poetry, and of seeking into the reliques of ancient antiquity, and hold myself a pretty good judge of good & bad verses, yet I am no poet myself. Should you deem the present communication within the scope of your plan, and approve of its execution, my future endeavours shall be at your service.

"I remain &c

PHILARCHAEUS.

EPITAPHION TYRINNÆ.

Ἡ γενεῇ δόξῃ τε καὶ ἐν μούσῃσι Τύρινν᾽
Ἔξοχος, ἡ πάσης ἄκρα φέρουσ᾽ ἀρέτης,
Ἐννεάδας τρισσὰς ἑτέων ζήσασα, τοκεῦσιν
Δυστήνοις ἔλιπον δάκρυα καὶ στοναχάς.
Πᾶς γὰρ, ἐμοῦ φθιμένης, χῆρος δόμος· οὔτε γὰρ αὐτὴ
Λείπομαι, οὔτ᾽ ἔλιπον βλαστὸν ἀποιχομένη.
Ἀντὶ δὲ πατρῴου καὶ ὑψορόφοιο μεταύρου,
Λειτὴ τοὐμὸν ἔχει σῶμα λαχοῦσα πέτρη.
Εἰ δ᾽ ἦν εὐσεβέων ὅσιος λόγος, οὔποτ᾽ ἂν οἶκος
Οὗ᾽μός, ἐμοῦ φθιμένης, ταῖσδ᾽ ἐνέκυρσε τύχαις. —

(Translation)

THE EPITAPH OF TYRINNA.

For birth renown'd, for shining virtues dear'd,
By muses favor'd, and by men revered,
When thrice nine years had run their circling
pace,
Expiring nature clos'd my youthful race.
Parental sorrows shook the distant halls,
And murmurs echoed through the mournful
walls;—
Myself removed, no rising youth remain
The tender offspring of maternal pain.
Yet, though bright mansions rose in former
hour,
The glittering emblems of my fleeting power,
Here, sunk in earth, these rocky fragments
hide
The mouldering relics of my ruin'd pride.
Alas! one holy look — one pious prayer —
Had sav'd the griefs surviving mourners
share;
But sacred vows have lost the power to save,
TYRINNA sleeps in dust, the tenant of the
grave!

U.

(E & Q)